I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
VVhich my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart: if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And make me as the pooreſt vaſſ
That doth with aw and terror kne
King God put in thy mind to t
That thou mightſt win the more
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither Harry, ſit thou by m
And heare (I thinke) the very late
That euer I ſhal breathe. God kn
By what by-paths, and indirect c
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my
To thee it ſhall deſcend with bett
Better opinion, better confirmati
For al the ſoyle of the atchieueme
With me into the earth, it ſeemd i
But as an honor ſnatcht with boi
And I had many liuing to vpbrai
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtance
Which daily grew to quarrell and
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all th
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſw
For all my raigne hath beene but
Acting that argument: and now m
Changes the mood, for what in m
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer fo
So thou the garland wearſt ſucceſ
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſu
Thou art not firme enough, ſince
And all thy friends which thou m
Haue but their ſtings and teeth n
By whoſe fell working I was firſt
And by whoſe power I well migh
To be againe diſplacde: which to
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe
To leade out manie to the Holy
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might mal

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